A PICTURESQE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

THE WORKS OF HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, Vol. XXXIV. California Pasteral. 1769-1848. Sve. pp. 308. San Francisco: The History Company. General Eastern Agent, F. M. Derby, 149 Church-st., New

In this volume Mr. Bancroft examines the least familiar period of California history: the period of the Mexican occupation and the Missions. The sifting of such documentary and other trustworthy avidence as the historian of the Pacific Coast as accumulated in his great library tends to the nodification of several views which have held their ground with a persistence not proportioned to their soundness. In the light of the ascertained facts, it is questionable whether the missions really conferred any benefits upon the natives of Cali-As regards the claim of religious conversion, very little can be proved affirmatively. The weight of testimony is to the effect that the Indians simply accepted the dogmas of the fathers because the latter were backed by physical force and unhesitatingly employed it for purposes of coercion. The position of the mission neophytes, in fact, was that of slaves. All their time was commanded by the missionaries, all their freedom was controlled. At night they were driven into guarded dormitories. In the day they were kept at work by the lash. Punished cruelly for the least insubordination, kept on meagre rations, taught no more than the mechanism of worship, prohibited from following their indigenous faith, these wretched people had little cause for thankfulness or gratitude. The missionaries found them healthy, living simple, and on the whole, peaceful lives. They left them scourged by epidemic discases which were previously unknown in that region; made hypocrites by culture in the shifts of an enslaved people; sapped of vitality by in-sanitary conditions; disabled from self-support by habituation to dependence.

The example set by the fathers was by no means always wholesome morally, while that of the secular members of the presidios was almost wholly evil. The padres were rapacious, too. They even thought it possible to secure a monopoly of California for their missions. They discouraged colonization steadily. They would have dispensed with the military arm had it been safe to do so. They missed no opportunity of extending their Though they could not. under the existing laws, own great estates, they none the less sought to exclude secular owners from them. One result was that when the secularization of the missions came to pass, the Church was without defenders or friends, and was compelled to surrender everything. Secularization, however, only hastened the collapse of the missions. They had been decaying for years before the final blow crushed them, and the Indians had been slipping back-if, indeed, the process was one of retrogression-into their original heathenism and savage ways of life. It is curious to observe how little real material progress was made during the mission period. There seemed to be no little productive activity. Fields were cultivated, crops raised, vineyards made, orchards reared into bearing, rude textiles manufactured; but the workers consumed nearly all their own products, and there was no accumulation. The fathers had wine and brandy in their cellars; the immense herds which had grown out of the imported cattle afforded abundant and virtunily costless subsistence to those who owned them: but there was no commerce nor traffic save with infrequent traders by sea, and all goods so bought were paid for in hides and tallow. In connection with this Mr. Bancroft shows that the term "greaser" employed later by the Americans in contempt of the Mexicans was originally applied by the latter to all the foreigners who sold them goods for "grease." This is an interesting derivation, and we only regret that it is not established with greater precision and conclusiveness.

The first secular non-indigenous settlers in California lived the pastoral life so fully described in this work. Spanish or Mexican, the blood that were born with the instincts of the desert Arab never was there a country more ideally adapted to the earth with a hoe, and she laughed with a harvest. There was no need for continuous or severe toil. A couple of weeks for seed-time and period immediately preceding the American octwo more later for harvest marked limits of the steady work done by the majority. Over the broad plains, rich with luscious grasses, the cattle were spread, and their increase was rapid and costless. Horses also were abundant, and, as in Spain, everybody rode. If a man had a journey to go he rode his own horse until it was tired, then lassoed the first animal he met, saddled and bridled it, and went on until a fresh relay was needed. Every house was a house of entertainment in those days. Money was not obtainable, nor was it needed. The gente de razon lived much in the open air, ate heartily of meat, had large families (Mr. Bancroft gives some striking instances), and their children grew up robust, beautiful, active, but never industrious. mosphere itself was soporific, inducing to languor and the siesta; but these people also inherited the disinclination for work. They had found a suitable habitat in California, and there, but for American push and restlessness, they would still be living on their ranches and haciendas, riding gallantly, making love with tropic ardor, dancing all night to the sound of the guitar, and making the Indians support them.

They were not much in subjection to the friars. In such a climate as that of Southern California the natural religion would seem to be pantheism. The gods of Greece are better adapted to the environment than the saints of the middle ages. The Californians -as the Mexican settlers called themselves, with quite sufficient warrant-were theoretically faithful sons and daughters of the Roman Church, but in practice they grew lax and indulgent, and presently many of them became so indifferent that the threat of excommunication with bell, book and candle had no terrors for them. Still they were a simple and upright people, full of hospitality, reverent of their pledged word, refined in their notions of honor. Nothing speaks more loudly to their credit than the system of trading which then obtained. Foreign traders came irregularly and at long intervals with shiploads of miscellaneous goods, which they sold to the rancheros on credit, and without receiving any evidence of indebtedness. Often a year would clapse before the return of a trader to a particular place on the coast, but always the pay (usually in hides and tallow; was ready, and there appears to be no record of any attempt to avoid payment of such an seconomically considered, most wasteful. Cattle were killed often for the hides alone, and the carcases were abandoned. When the kerds and the horses increased so as to threaten the pasturage, thousands were slaughtered merely to make room. In one year forty thousand horses were thus got rid of. One method was to drive them to the coast and force them over the edges of the cliffs into the sea. At a later period the destruction of cattle became so reckless that the Government was compelled to attempt regulation of it, though to little purpose.

The Californians were fine horsemen as a rule. The men, in fact, almost lived in the saddle, riding so constantly that when on foot their walk was rolling and awkward. They were so expert with the lasso that they did not hesitate to attack the grizzly bear with no other weapon. Two of them would hasso the brute, and then pulling in opposite directions paralyze his attack and hold him powerless until he was secured or killed. Their amusements were simple and rude. Like all the Iberian races they delighted in bull-fighting, varying this cruel sport with duels between bears and bulls, in which it is said the former oftenest conquered. They were temperate but not abstenious. They obligation. No doubt their mode of living was,

which it is said the former oftenest conquered. They were temperate but not abstentions. They deank the home-made aguardicate and home-made wines. They were fond of display, and more ecially were given to gaudy and picturesque tumes. As a rule they had no book-learning nd little enough of any other kind. Cut off from

the rest of the world they neither knew nor cared to know what was passing elsewhere. When not occupied in overlooking their stock on the ranges they lounged and idled at home, dreaming, smok ing eigarettes, and making love. Their festivals were many and were zealously celebrated, and their marriages especially were occasions of elaborate merry-making. There was little resort to law, for there were then no lawyers among them. The Alcaldes were ignorant, and when called on to act judicially uttered astonishing decisions, several amusing instances being given by Mr. Bancroft. Fantastic as these judgments were, however, they could not have excelled in absurdity a large proportion of those which, after the American occupation, and during the prevalence of the gold-fever, were rendered by many of the justices of the peace who served in the mining camps. Doubtless Mr. Bancroft has a fund of such reminiscences ready for use in future volumes of his California annals. That the old Alcaldes sometimes delivered judgments instinct with homely wisdom is clearly shown by the following anecdote:

A wife once summoned her husband before an Alcalde for having screended another woman.

"Bring forth the culprit," said the judge, "and let him play to us as he played before the woman he wished to captivate."

When this was done the judge asked t

"Is that the tune you played?"

"Si. Senor."

Senor." that the best you can play it?"

Then I fine you two dollars for disturbing the

Solomon could have come no nearer to the stand-

ard of natural justice.

When the golden age of California pastoral life began to fade, and the conquering Anglo-Saxons arrived with their stern practicality and their absorbing quest of riches, some of the time-honored old California customs got those who continued to practise them into serious trouble. Formerly it it !" had been the habit for any one who wanted meat to kill a beef wherever he found it, and no questions were asked, and no fault imputed. But when Mexicans took American stock in this freeand-easy way, the owners called it cattle-stealing, and there is reason to believe that many an innocent-minded native Californian was hanged with a short shrift for doing what his people had been accustomed to do for generations. All such cases, however, were terribly avenged by the native California bandits, such as Joaquin Murieta, Vasquez, Chavez and their contemporaries, and Mr. Bancroft has a ghastly chapter on the crimes of these desperadoes. Joaquin was undoubtedly in some sort a hero of romance. He was driven to a awless career by cruel wrongs inflicted on him and his by Americans. His wife was outraged and his brother lynched by drunken miners before he entered upon his sanguinary career, and revenge even more than greed stimulated him. Vasquez, on the other hand, was a mere fierce beast of prey, who took a positive delight in cruelty; and the rank and file of all the bands of California robbers were ordinary cut-throats. Murieta gave the authorities very hard work. For three years he set them all at defiance, and by the rapidity of his movements and the weight and suddenness of his blows carried consternation over large areas. His time came, as it always comes to such men, and when the feeling of the people was thoroughly aroused the other banditti were hunted down and disposed of quickly.

Mr. Bancroft has an interesting chapter on the beginnings of San Francisco. Few who know that city now will, perhaps, be able to realize that where the junction of Clay and Dupont sts. is to-day, a panther once sprang over the fence of a pioneer's yard and made off with an Indian boy; or that a boat's crew belonging to a ship in the bay, landing for water where Folsom wharf now stands, were driven away by the appearance of a huge grizzly on the bank. Mr. Bancroft holds that the building of the city on its present site was a mistake, and that the original plan of General Vallejo, to establish it at Benicia, was the wisest proposition. But it is manifestly futile to discuss such a question now. San Francisco must remain where the pioneers planted flowed in their veins was largely nonundic. They it, and it must put up with the fogs and winds of the sandy peninsula. A valuable bibliographrather than those of the dwellers in cities, and | ical chapter closes the volume on California Pastoral, which comprises, besides the topics menthe life in which they delighted. California was | tioned. a mass of original and interesting inveritable Lotos-land. Under a mild and genial formation on manners and customs, dress, religion, elimate all nature produced prodigally. Tickle law, commerce, sanitary matters, and whatever

## SHE CARRIED TWO PISTOLS.

From The Pitisburg Dispatch.

Since the epidemic of burgiaries and highway robberles broke out with such violence in the East End, a great many ladies, I am told, who reside in that otherwise favored locality, have taken to pistois and pistoi practice. They not only have a large building revolver stored handliy in a bureau drawer in their sleeping, apartments, but some of them, at least, also carry a gun in a convenient pucket at their waist. The pistol used as a part of a street dress has to be very small, of course, but there is every reason to From The Pitisburg Dispatch. also carry a gun in a convenient a part dress has to be very small, of course, but there is every reason to suppose that it is likely to be dangerous to the wearer if not the footpad, for whose benefit it is worn.

Last night 1 was talking about this fashion of free arms for women's wear to a lady who is rather disposed to criticise her own sex. She laughed at the idea of the East End laddes taking to self-defence with guns which are liable to go off and make a

ith guns which are hade to go on and make a orrid noise. "Besides," said she, "I am pretty well assured that horid noise.

"Besides," said she, "I am pretty well assured that not one of these pistol-armed ladies would fire a pistol under any circumstances. I remember shortly after the close of the war meeting a youg lady at a hotel in Nashville. Tenn. The young lady was said to be strong-minded, and she assumed a rather haughty style and a loud voice when she talked to me. More than that, she opened the jacket she wore and showed me her belt, in which were stuck two small pistols.

"I would like to see anybody insult me lishe said, as she left me to go upstairs to change her traveling dress before dinner."

"I went in to dinner, and had no sooner seated myself than we heard the most appalling screech, and a series of car-piercing screams coming from the up-stairs region. The proprietor of the hotel-several gentlemen and all the walters ran up stairs to see who had been murdered.

"They all came down again in a few minutes, to the last man laughing fit to kill themselves.

"We begged to be callightened. What was the tragedy so mirthful in its finale? Then it came out.

"the young lady with the pistols had seen, or rather had a vague misgiving that she might see, a mouse. She was sure it had run under the bed. The men found the young amazon standing on the bed with a pistol in each hand waiting for the first sign of a mouse."

## FEMININE BEAUTY AND DIET.

From The Philadelphia Times.

A great beauty has been credited with saying that to eat very often was the secret of gaining flesh; that to have with one or near one a bit of chocolate, a little fruit or something that can be eater quickly and which will not overload the stomach is desirable. She adds that a woman, like a chicken, can be fatured. The best rule is to eat as much fresh bread, especially the crumb, as possible. Then, if your digestionwill permit it, drink checolate in preference to either tae or coffee. A cup of this may be taken in bed before 8 o'clock, and then the aspirant for fairly honors can turn over and have another nap, which very often means another quarter pound of flesh. At the late breakfast she must have eggs. They may be belied, in an omejette or any preferred way. Some cutlet, a bit of beef, a little chop, or any meat that is liked, but with it she should have some potatoes, rice or any vegetable which she is sure contains starch.

REWARDS OF HEROISM. on The Minneapolis Tribune.

From The Minneapolis Tribune.

Here is what Miss Minnie Preeman, the Nebraska blizzard heroine, seceived for her exhibition of pluck and presence of mind: Any amount of advertising and innumerable proposals of marriage: 82,700 in cash, three diamond plus, two costly gold watches and a peck or so of miscellaneous jewelry.

## RACHEL, OF VIRGINIA.

WITH SOME REMARKS ON WITCHES. Our well had been cleaned out by a colored man who

come ter look at it" a day or two previous. inquired when he would do it, and he replied " pooty soon now," with a pause between each word sufficiently long to allow of the expectoration of tobacco juice. "Can't you do it to-morrow?" we anxiously in-

"I mout, of I donnt plant 'taters," he replied. "It is too wet for any one to plant potatoes," we affirmed in a tone intended to carry conviction.

The man looked up at the gray clouds; he expectorated; he looked down at the wet ground; expectorated; pressed his foot into the moist soil; expectorated, and then said:

" Et mout be." He came the next day, made two or three trips home for his "bowts," a "roap," and finally cleaned out the well. "The pump sucks," Rachel informed him.

"Ise done abowt all ter day I reckoned on a dewin," he informed her. "Ef et keeps on a-suckin' I mout be 'roun' ter-morrer or some time ter take et up ag'in ef I hes ter." He has not yet returned, though the pump "keeps

on a-suckin'," so Rachel is forced to make frequent pilgrimages to the nearest neighbor's well. evening, returning from one we could hear her before she reached the house, "a tawkin," we supposed,

"ter dat pail" or "dat pump." But she was not.
"Mr. Stesh," she ejaculated on entering the room, her dull, heavy eyes fairly iridescent with the gleaming anger, "dat boy, Ib'ritt, dat boy, he dun cawled me sumthin' asides my name! An ef he comes over hyar ter-morrer Ise gwine ter kill him. I'll beat him, I'll kill him, I'll beat him, Ise jes' agwine ter split his head open. I'll kill him ef I nebber gits anudder place ter wurk as long as I libes. He'd better not show hisself ober hyar ter-morrer, dat Ib'ritt! De bestest place fur him is in his own mudder's door-Ef I gits my hands onter him once he'll cotch

Evereit was a neighbor's son who had been working about the yard and garden for the grounds around our

habitation had been sadly neglected. When the tide of Rachel's indignation had been sufficiently checked or had overflown enough by reason of her giving free vent to it, to listen to inquiries, she replied in response to them:

"Yas, he did! He cawled me sumfin' asides my name, he did! Dat Ib'ritt!" But printer's ink can never express the scorn those sable lips emphasized; he cawled out, 'Rachel, Pumice-stone!" stone is an article Rachel uses to clean her pots and hettles with, and hence she is sensitive on that score, like the retired tailor who drowned his wife because she would persist in saying "scissors" to him.

"I sez, 'Yer cawls me Pumice-stone, do yer ?" an' I cotched up a chunk o' dirt ter t'row at him, an' den he cawls me a 'black nigger wench,' an' Ise a gwine ter hev my satisfakshun outer him. I is: Yas, I'll beat him, I'll kill him, I will, if eber he comes a-nigh me; de saffest place for dat Ib'ritt is his own mudder's doah yard !"

"Oh, Rachel!" we warn, "you mustn't do that. "You will get into trouble. Let Mr. Stesh attend to the matter. He will see that it does not happen

"Mis' Stesh," and her arms went akimbo over her hips, "Ise a-gwine ter tend ter dat myself. Ef I wuz ter tell his mudder she'd not b'iceve me, mudders nebber does, an' what satisfalishun would I git? Ise boun' ter hev satisfakshun, I is. I hain't a-comed hyar ter be cawled a black nigger wench by nobody;

an' not by dat Ib'ritt!"

Threatenings and mutterings dire did Rachel continue to utter during all the evening, and occasionally her voice would be raised in a loud, deep "Who-o-p" of Out late the yard she went, walking back and forth like a dark, avenging spirit, and finally, taking her lamp, she proceeded up the "steers" to her own oom, still breathing out threatenings. Later we followed, and as we passed her door she was still a-tawkin'." A loud scream awoke us in the middle of the night, showing that anger had not yet given

place to sleep.

When called in the morning-for, by the way, Rachel always has to be called-she immediately again began "tawkin'," and even when assured that the boy should teg her pardon before being allowed to do any more work, refused to be appeared. "I'se agwine ter beat him," she cjaculated, "I knows

I'll hev ter pay for it, but I'll beat him ef I does." Rachel was on the alert for Everett's appearance, and we were startled by her screaming:

"Doan' yer come no furder. Et yer sots yer foot onter dat step Ise agwine ter beat yer. I'll beat

The head of the house interposed, pardon was begged, and peace, for the time being, is restored.

repairer, mender, rejuvonator, returned. But not after an absence of only one day-no, indeed, he allowed several to clapse before he re-appeared. ut of the kitchen window, in

true darkey fashion, one of the many things that Rachel continues to persist in doing notwithstanding remonstrances and prohibitions, she calls: "Say yer, why didn't yer come ter-morrer as yer

said yer waz a gwine ter '"

The man looked in at Rachel; expectorated; looked the pump; expectorated; and finally said:

"I knows yer'se hyar now, but what I want ter knows es why yer wa'nt hyar afore," said Rachel, the chon head, with its deep pink turban still out of the window.

The man expectorated. He stood a full moment evidently in deep thought; expectorated again, and finally said : "I'se hed a grave ter dig. A woman, she hed ter

die, an' I hed ter dig her grave." But Ruchel was called in to attend to some house

hold duty, or rather her head was, so the interesting colloquy ceased. Later, however, she found an opportunity of renewing it, for we heard her confiding to "Ef I dies, Parmel, dat man hain't a gwine ter dig

my grave, dats fur shore. An' ef any o' my kin dies he hain't a-gwine ter dig dar graves; I'll dig 'em my-Dat man, he axes jes' ez dough he's mad acos he hed ter dig dat pore woman's grave, an' she warn't ter blame none fur dyin'. I doan' s'posin' ez haow she wantid ter gwine ter die, but she jes' hed

Rachel wore a very troubled face the other morn ing, but she soon unbosomed herself of the weighty matter that burdened her soul.

"Mis' Stesh," she said, "dar wuz sumfin took me by anklus las' night an' dragged me clean across de bed, dey did."

Nonsense, Rachel," I replied, "that couldn't be. You didn't see any one, did you ?" "No, Mis' Stesh, I didn't see nobody, but dey wuz dar, all de same. I felt 'em."

" But, Rachel, there was no one in the house. If there had been, they would have done something besides moving you across the bed."

'Mis' Stesh, I didn't say es how dar wuz no pusson in de house, did I? I said somebody moved me, an' so dey did; but I doan' kalkerlate 'twuz no pusson. See hyar," and Rachel took the carving knife with which to illustrate. "I wuz lyin' dis a-way ob de bed, jes' so, an' sumfin' cotched me by de anklus an' moved me dat a-way."

"You had the nightmare," I said. "De nightmar'! I dussent know what dat is," she "I'se never heerd o' dat afore, but I'se heerd o' witches: I'se done ben tole ob dem, an' dat's what I reckons it wuz."
"What are witches?" I inquired, with a smile.

hope, Rachel, you don't believe in witches." Mis' Stesh, doan' yer bleeves in dem?" Rachel very earnestly asked. 'No, indeed; there are no such things," is my em-

phatic reply.

"I bleeves dar be, Mis' Stesh."

"Have you ever seen any?"

"No. I hain't neber seen dem. I doan' reekon dat obody eber sees dem, but I'se done ben fole ob dem." "Well, Rachel, I have never been told of them, so now you tell me all about them." "I doan' reckon nobody could do dat, an' I doan'

reckon dey would like it of dey could." "Don't reckon who would like it ?" I ask.

" De witches, dey moutn't like it." After much coaxing and some bribery, Rachel said : "Witches be old towks. I reckons no young pusson can be a witch. Sometimes dar be men witches, an' sometimes dar be women witches. De women witches dey bodders de men, an' de men witches dey bodders

de women, so I reckon it's a man witch dat's ben a de women, so I reckon it's a man when dat's ben a beddrin' ob me. De witches, dey be pussons dat jump out ob dar skins, an' leaves dar skins ter home, jump out ob dar skins, an' leaves dar skins ter home, an' den dey hes some craft like dat dey kin go jes' whar dey's a min' ter. Dey kin crawl under de crack ob de door, or t'rough de key-hole, of jes' anywneres, an' sumtimes dey pinches yer, an' sumtimes dey moves yer, an' sumtimes dey moves yer, an' sumtimes dey doan' do nawthin' but jes' warry yer. An' chiess yer kin siop dem, dey'll kill yer. My brudder-in-iaw, he dun tole me how dat his mudder wuz worritted ter death by a witch. De witch, he kep' a comin' an' a comin' all de time, an' some way she couldn't git rid ob de witch no way, an' it worritted her so she jes' finerly took to her bed an' died. Dat witch jes' killed her! An' I 'speca I'll die too ef do witch doan' stop a-comin' arter me no moan.

\*How d. the witches manage to get back in their skins?" I inquire.

"I doan' jes' knows how, but dey does it. Fowks go to dar houses an' finds dem a-settin' dar all de same arter dey's ben out all de night. I knows how ter git rid ob dem, dough. A woman, she dun tole me how. I'se a-gwine ter hang up a horseshoe in my room, or a four slebe."

a flour siebe."

"What good will the flour sieve do !"

"What good will the flour sieve do !"

"Why, de witches cawn't do nawthin' ter yer until dev's ben !"rough all dem little wire holes in de siebe; an' by de time dey's dun dat dey's all tired out an' mawnin' light hes come, an' dey has ter go."

"But, flachel, there are no such things as witches," I carnestly affirm. "They never trouble me."

"I reckons dey doan', Mis' Stesh, but dat's acos yer's got a husband. Witches doan' eber trouble fowks dat hes got husbands. But Mis' Stesh, I doan' likes ter tawk so much 'bout dem, acos dey moutn't likes it."

cannot refrain from inquiring the next morning if witches have again visited Rachel, and she re-

the witches have again sponds:

"No, Mis' Stesh, dey didn't come las' night. I kep'
my light a-burnin' all de night, an' I'se a-gwine ter
hang up a horseshoe bymeby."

Later we hear a pounding in Rachel's room, and
passing her door, pause to see what is going on. She
is driving tacks on which to hang a couple of horseshoes that have been artistically wrapped in tin foil.

SPRING! HEIGH-HO, SPRING!

From Ingalis' Magazine. Coo, twitter and flutter and call!

Oh winter's away, away!

Here's a gay mottled crest, a peep of red breast;

A flashing of wings blue and gray:

And the robin pipes in the sprouting grass,

The swallow's aswing in the air.

The bluebird carols, the cathird calls,

There's melody everywhere.

Spring! heigh-ho, spring!

Lifting their merriest strain

They sound the sweet story how, crowned with green glors.

green glory, Comes spring with her jubilant train.

What is it that smiles by the brook. What is it that smiles by the brook.

Laughs up from the sod at the gate?

A wind-flower bending above to look,

A daffodil slender and straight.

There are smells of warmth and of mellowing turf,
Delicious perfumes as we pass;

There are starry eyes on the dogwood bush.

And starrier eyes in the grass.

Spring: heigh-ho, spring!

How the buds swell in the sun!

Where young leaves are ranging a green mist.

There young leaves are glancing a green mist is The miracle-work is begun.

### LOUISA ALCOTT. RECOLLECTIONS OF HER CHILDHOOD.

From The Youth's Companion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HER CHILDHOOD.

Prom The Youth's Companion.

One of my earliest memories is of playing with books in my father's study. Building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, precending to read, scribbling on blank pages whenever pen or pencil could be found. Many of these first attempts at authorship still exist, and I offen wonder if these childish plays did not influence my after life, since books have been my greatest comfort, coastle-building a never-failing delight, and scribbling a very profitable amusement.

Being born on the birthday of Columbus I seem to have something of my patron saint's spirit of adventure, and running away was one of the delights of my patron saint's spirit of discovery among the ash heaps of the waste land that then lay where the Albany station now stands. Many an impromptu picnic have I had on the dear old Common, with strange boys, pretty babies and friendly dogs, who always seemed to feel that this reckless young person needed looking after. On one occasion the town-crier found me fast asleep at 0 eclock at night, on a door-step in Bedford-st. with my head pillowed on the curly breast of a big Newfoundiand, who was with difficulty persuaded to release the weary little wanderer who had sobbed herself to sleep there. I often smile as I pass that door, and never forget to give a grateful pat to every big dog I meet, for never have I slept more soundly than on that dusty step, nor found a better friend than the noble animal who watched over the lost baby so faithfully.

My father's school was the only one I ever went to, and when this was broken up because he introduced methods now all the fashion, our lessons went on at home, for he was always sure of four little pupils who firmly believed in their teacher, though they have not done him all the oredit he deserved. I never liked arithmetic or grammar, and doiged these branches on all occasions; but reading, composition, history and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories, hymns, and convecsa

hunted down, that I might tweak out their downlest feathers to adorn the dolis' head-gear.

Active exercise was my delight from the time when a child of six I drove my hoop round the Common without stopping, to the days when I did my twenty miles in five hours and went to a party in the evening. I always thought I must have been a deer or a horse in some former state, because it was such a loy to run. No boy could be my friend till I had beaten him in a race, and no girl if she refused to climb trees, leap fences and be a tomboy. My wise mother, anxious to give me a strong body to support a lively brain, turned me loose in the country and let me run wild, learning of nature what no books can teach, and being led, as those who truly love her seldom fell to be.

"Through nature up to nature's God."

I remember running over the bills just at dawn one summer morning, and pausing to rest in the silent woods saw, through an arch of trees, the sun rise over river, fill and wide groen meadows as I never saw it before. Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood, and the unfolding aspirations.

rise over river, hill and wide green meadows as I never saw it before. Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood, and the unfolding aspirations of a child's soul seemed to bring me very near to God, and in the hush of that morning hour I always felt that I "got religion" as the phrase goes. A new and vital sense of His presence, tender and sustaining as a father's arm, came to me then, never to change through forry years of life's relissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain, sorrow and success.

Those Concord days were the happlest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Chamines, flawthornes and Goodwins, with the llinstricus parents and their friends to enjoy our practical

Those Concord days were the happiest of my misfor we hal charming playmates in the little Emersons.
Chamines, Hawthornes and Goodwins, with the Illustrious parents and their friends to carly our pranks
and share our excursions.

Plays in the barn were a favorite amusement, and
we dramatized the fairy tales in great style.

People wondered at our frolles, but enjoyed them,
and droll stories are still told of the adventures of
those days. Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller were
visiting my parents one afternoon, and the conversation having turned to the ever-interesting subject of
education. Miss Fuller said:

"Well, Mr. Alcolt, you have been able to carry out
your metheds in your own family and I should like to
see your model children."

She did in a few moments, for as the guests stood
on the door steps a wild uproar approached and round
the corner of the house came a wheel-barrow holding
haby May arrayed as a queen; I was the horse, bitted
and bridles and driven by my clider sister Anna, while
Lizzle played dog and barked as loud as her gentle
voice permitted. All were shouting and wild with
fun, which, however, came to a sudden end as we
expled the stately group before us, for my foot tripped
and down we all went in a laughing heap, while
my mother put a climax to the loke by saying with
a dramatic wave of her hand:

"Here are the model children, Miss Fuller."

My sentimental period began at fifteen when I fell
to writing romances, poems, a "heart journal," and
dreaming dreams of a splendid future. Browsing over
Mr. Emerson's library, I found Goothe's "Correspondence With a desire to be a second Bettine
making my father's friend my Goothe's "Correspondence with a desire to be a second Bettine
making my father's friend my Goothe, So I wrots
letters to him, but was wise enough never to send them,
lett wild flowers on the door-steps of my "Master," sung
Mignon's song in very bad German under his window,
and was fond of wandering by moonlight, or sitting in
a cherry-tree at midnight till the owls search me

manageable. Motherless girls, seeking protection, were guarded among us; hungry travellers sent on to our door to be fed and warmed, and if the philosopher happened to own two coals the best went to a needy brother, for these were practical Christians who had the most perfect faith in Providence, and never found it betrayed.

## RATHER TOO APPROPRIATE.

From The Minneapolis Journal.

The congregation in Dr. Woodbury's church had a outer laugh yesterday morning over a little accidental incident that came very near giving the pastor the reputation of a humorist. Subscriptions have lately been taken at the morning services, for have lately been taken at the morning services for various purposes, and yesterday was no exception. After a few moments thus devoted to material interests, Dr. Weodoury called the deacons to bring their collections forward and all responded but one. Him Dr. Woodbury overlooked, and went on to open his bible. Just as the late deacon slipped up to hand his collection to the pastor, the reverend gentleman announced his text, looking the deacon full in the face:

"What hast thou in thine hand?"

The audience caught on and laughed out loud.

THAT NEW-ENGLAND CLIMATE. From The Boston Post.

From The Boston Post.

I have had an amusing illustration lately of the vagaries of our New-England climate. An acquaintance of mine vame on from Washington about a month ago, when the weather was chilly here, and fortunately brought his overcoat with him, although he had been having yery warm weather at home. "My wife," he said, "asked me why I was taking my overcoat along but I told her that I knew what Boston weather was." Yestorday I encountered the same man again, but this time even his imagination and knowledge had fallen short of a New-England spring. He had no overcoat, and as he shivered in the east wind he told me that when he left Washington the lay before the thermome-

# ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK N ART CIRCLES

IMPORTATIONS IN BOND-SIN PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES-ART NEWFELSEWHERE. The recent decision at Washington regarding the importation of pictures in bond a likely to interfere materially with plans for an "injectation in bond," campaign next year. The point of the ruling is that if any picture thus imported is sold, the still daty must be paid, not only upon this picture but also upon all which have been brought in by the firm making the sale. The feeling among picture dealers is so strong that altempts to evade the two in any way are not likely to pass unnoticed. The only method of evasion which some possible is one already familiar, and that is a verbal agreement with a buyer, the return of the picture o France, and its reshipment to this country, when the full duty would be paid. It might be a difficult matter to secure proof that the picture had been effered for sale, but the dealers will be on the alert, as long as their own interests are concerned.

"As The Tribune has already pointed out, it was the formation of a new "art association" much strength which led to the recent renewal of action by the dealers. This "association" is understood to be practically identical with the New-York branch of the firm of Boussod Valadon & Co., of Paris, de the successors of Goupil & Co. in that city. This is a large house, commonly credited with abundant re-sources, and it is not surprising that the plan for wholesale "importations in bond" disquieted the focal dealers. A private letter from Paris describes a representative of the firm as announcing that gal-leries would be engaged in the chief American Atles. and that the pictures imported would be exabited throughout the country. Unless this enterprise is due to philanthropic motives, the dealers are likely to be heard from again next year.

The award of the medals at the "Prize Fund" exhibition last week proved to be a recognition of "home talent." No medal was given to the Amer can artists resident abroad, but perhaps it is as well not to press comparisons between some of the work from Paris and the pictures selected. Mr. R. S. Gifford, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Chambers and a few others exhibit work which certainly deserves recognition,

the picture is pronounced a satisfactory likeness. A full-length portrait, by Mr. F. D. Millet, is shown in another, a picture of a young lady in evening dress, against a background of rather trying pinkish tones. There is much excellent work, but perhaps it is Mr. Millet's devotion to detail painting, which pro duces some feeling of labor and constraint,

Knoedler gallery, both of which, if we are not mi taken, were sent to the Centennial Exhibition. One is a marvellously elaborate study of a forest glade, with a little waterfall, mossy rocks, and tall trees all about, which was painted by Mr. W. T. Richards, in 1868. Instead of the generalization affected by most painters of the day, there is a pre-Raphaelite fidelity, or, it might almost be said, a "Chinese exactness." The wrinkles in the bark of the trees, the leaves on each branch, the moss on the rocks, and even the blades of grass have been recorded patiently and faithfully. This objective photography of details is not a kind of art which finds favor at present, although Mr. Kluth has contributed some excellent examples to our recent exhibitions. Mr. Richards may not have painted this forest interior in the best way. he did not, for he presents only a cold impersonal record, but it must be acknowledged that his picture is a remarkable work, judged by the standard which the It is a large painting of waves washing upon a ledge of rocks, the foam illumined by the light from the setting sun. This is a foreible presentation of a subject characteristic of our New-England coast, and the picture may be accounted, with good reason, one of the best works of the artist.

Delucroty's "Seizure of Rebecca," which was pur chased by Mr. Roland Knoedler at the Goldschmidt sale, represents one of the many subjects which Delacroix took from literature and treated like an artist, never like a reconteur. Every one knows the fondness of English artists of the day for subjects which are essentially literary, which imply elaborate stories and require explanation. Although the genius of Delacroix allied him more closely to Byron than to Scott, the latter's romanticism was sufficiently vivid to invite the painter. Explanation may be interest-ing in connection with many of Delacroix's pictures but it is rarely necessary. In the case of the becca" it is seen at a glance that the theme is a mediaeval abduction. The painter has set forth the brutal haste of the Moorish slaves, the helplessness of their fainting victim, the ardor of the knight introduced as spurring to the rescue. The drama explains itself. The catalogue description tells the familiar story of the novel with slight variation: "Eebecca taken away slight the order of the Templar. Bols-Guilbert, in the midst of the sacking of the castle of Front de Boeuf, is already in the hands of the two African slaves charged with conducting her far from the scene of comba The ravishers are preparing to fly, while on the right a cavalier at full speed dashes toward them. In th background the high walls of the castle appear in th midst of flames and smoke."

Among the many curiosities of magazine illustra tion there has been nothing of late more curiou than one of the designs accompanying an article upon salmon fishing in the May numb of "Scribner's Magazine." The artist, Mr. Frost, is usually competent to deal with all manner of out door sports, but his idea of the way in which salmon are gaffed is extraordinary. He depicts a canoeman waving a twenty-pound salmon about his head. time the salmon defles the law of gravitation and re-mains attached to the barbless hook of the gaff, a fact almost as extraordinary as the boatman's strength. The actual action in gaffing at the water's edge is no unlike a swift blow with a hoe, followed by a rapid "scoop" up on the beach. In another drawing Mr. Frost is not to be blamed, but the title of the picture refers to the "tense strain" upon the rod, when as a matter of fact the picture shows the one time when the line is slack and the rod bears no strain whatever. The encroachments of applied photography upon

the field formerly occupied by the wood engraverhas occasioned much speculation as to the future of the engraver's art. Its extinction has been predicted, and it is clear that the far greater economy photographic work is a serious menace to the existof illustrative wood engraving. It is urged that no process can supersede the artist's instinct, a shown, for example, in the expression of exact value and the rendering of delicate half tones, but it is and the rendering of delicate half foles, but it is not applied photography. Some of the engravers themselves acknowledge that their art, if it continues to exist, must be practised under changed conditions. One probable change is in the direction of more independent work by the engraver. That is, the engraver is likely to address himself directly to the public, executing and publishing spacial work, like the etchers, and seeking recognition of his own individuality. Mr. Elbridge Kingsley has already captured several blocks for separate publication and Mr. Frank French has done something in this direction. There is a more recent example in Mr. Kingsley's engraving after the beautiful Daubigny, "Edge of a Pond, Summer Aftengon," which was in the Spencer collection. The composition is comparatively simple, presenting water partly lighted and partly in shadow, a few slight fluures on the bank, and a group of trees forming a dark mass against the luminous sky. Whether or not the trees are not darker and more opaque than need be, notwithstanding their opposition to the light, is a mattee which may cause a difference of opinion, but the quality of the coloring has been well rendered, and the work shows delicate and accurate perception. This interesting engraving is published by Mr. C. Hackner, of No. 5 East Seventeenthst, who also exhibits two etchings by Mr. W. Beal Goodrich, an etcher of considerable promise, who appears disposed to lavoid the slavish elaboration which is one besetting sin of the etching of the day. easy to set a limit to the possibilities of applie

At the recent sale of the Bolckow collection in

Skin entirely gone: Fiesh a mass of disease. Leg di-minished one-third in size. Condition hope-less. Cared by the Cuticura Remedies.

For three Years I was almost crippled with an awfut sore leg from my lines down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physyclians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished geous one-third the sire of the other, and I was in a nopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which 1 got no relief whatever, I was persuaded to lry your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to nearly two years pask, my log is as well as ever it was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease to be seen.

S. G. AHERN, Dubols, Dodge Co., Ga.

SORE FROM KNEE TO ANKLE.

I have been a terrible sufferer for years from diseases of the skin and blood, and have been obliged to shun public indices by reason of my disfiguring humors. Have had the best of physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, but gos no relief until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which have cured me, and left my skin as clear and my blood as pure as a child's.

Olive Branch P. O., Miss.

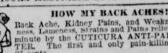
## From 145 Pounds to 172 Pounds.

I have taken several bottles of CUTICURA RESOLV.
ENT with all the results I could wish for. About this
time last year, when commencing its use, I weighted 14
pounds, and to-day I weigh 172 pounds.
GEO. CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C. NOTE. The CUTICURA RESOLVENT is beyond all

CUTICURA, the creat Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTIC CURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Parifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of Skin and Blood Dis-ease, from Pimples to Scrofuia.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c. : SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for " How to cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages,

50 illustrations and 100 testimonials. BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by



HOW MY BACK ACHES!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soroness, Lameness, Strains and Pains relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. The first and only pain-killing plaster, 25 cents.

Gifford, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Chambers and a fow others exhibit work which certainly deserves recognition, but the artists contributing to the exhibition have formally recorded their opiniog that the pictures of Messrs, C. W. Eaton, J. C. Nicoll and Percy Moran were superfor to the other pictures, and that the figure by Mr. Dallin was better than any other example of sculpture. The picture by Mr. Eaton is a landscape of the placid and pastoral order, presenting a sketch of green and grayish brown meadow on the left and a group of huge trees on the right underneath a sky well night covered with heavy clouds. There is no special charm of color or atmospheric effect, but the picture is an example of very joint. The picture is an example of very piece of work in its way, but the photographic effect is marked, the figure lifeless, and the flesh tones have a yellowish tinge. Mr. Nicoll's marine can be found by visitors in the first of the smaller galleries, and Mr. Dallin's crude Indian has been noticed already.

A large portrait of the late Chief Justice is exhibited in the gallery of Messrs. Knoedler & Co. Judge Waite is represented as sitting in a large arm chair, clad in the lands of the proper state of the late of the smaller galleries, and in the gallery of Messrs. Knoedler & Co. Judge Waite is represented as sitting in a large arm chair, clad in the gallery of the smaller galleries, and in the gallery of the chair. The coloring of the face is forced, but the effect is partly due to the unduly emphatic white of the linen. The artist, Mr. B. F. Peixoto, has accomplished nothing of distinction in the management of color or the expression of texture, but the picture is pronounced a satisfactory illeness. A full-length portrait, by Mr. F. D. Millet, is shown in another, a picture of a young lady in evening state of the sate of the pictures of the Clewer Manor collection of the veryes at the recent species. A full-length portrait, by Mr. F. D. Millet, is shown in another, a picture of a young lady in evening state of the

The average price, about \$5,000, at the Bolckow The average price, about \$5,000, at the Bolckow sale exceeds the average at the recent Spenest sale, which was \$4,170. At the Morgan sale 240 pictures brought \$555,300, and the average price was \$3,688. On the last night of the Morgan sale eighty pictures averaged \$6,099. At the Seney sale 283 pictures brought \$406,000, a comparatively low average, and at th Johnson sale in 1875 the average for the oils was only \$1,712. The average at the Bolckow sale also exceeds the average at the Laurent-Rickards sale in Paris where 112 paintings were sold for \$211,200, and at the Wilson sale where 119 pictures brought \$406,500. It will be noticed, however, that the highest prices paid at the Bolckow sale felf far below those paid here for Broton's "Communicants," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and Melssonier's "1807."

WHAT SHALL BE PUT IN THE GAR-DEN ?

## A WIDE CHOICE OF BRIGHT BLOSSOMS.

HINTS FOR THOSE OF MODEST MEANS WHO LIKE

TO BEAUTIFY THEIR OWN GROUNDS. About this time of year the man who lives in the burbs and has been wading all winter through now and slush to his trainsg envying the citydweller with his clean sidewalks and wealth of street cars, begins to brag of the charms of rural artist proposed to himself. The other picture, entitled life and lay out his lawn and vegetable patch, thinkin with brick and mortar, that some New-Yorkers cultivate with pathetic care and dignify with the name of garden. Here, under a flapping net-work of clothesline and weekly wash, frowned on by chimneys and lightly regarded by the tom-cats of the block, little patches of grass, blossoming shrubs, climbing vines, gay flowers and occasionally a tree of fair proportions lend a "taste" of nature to the centre of the blocks of houses whose grim fronts give no hint to peope on the streets of the square of fragrance and verdire that often is concealed behind.

Many pretty gardens too, are perched away upon the roofs of the houses where they are seldom or never seen, save by their owners, and then again gardening in New-York is being more and more neglected by the rich, who leave the town early in the season for their country-seats and hide the only plants they cultivate in town in their greenhouses. But whether in town or country, long before this time of year the ground has been carefully worked over and the question of "what shall we put in the garden?" has been eagerly discussed and decided upon. Most people have bulbs, roots and plants on hand from last year and only need provide anew the stock of annuals they intend to cultivate. With these, the first thing to be thought about, after the soil is proor worn out in paiches. It is well to go over the brown spots with a steel rake, and sow a handful of grass eed on each, rolling it in with the lawn-roller, while the sod is still soft with the first thawing of spring.

FAVORITES AMONG THE ANNUALS. Next in order comes the sowing of the seed of the hardier annuals. These are invaluable in every garden, as some of the brightest and prettiest flowers are in their class. They are nearly all easily cultivated and cheap. Some of the favorites are the petunia, which likes a shady place in the garden and a rich soil; the aster, which if planted in May will blossom all the fall when other b'ooms have faded; the dainty candytuft, which flowers during the entire season! the balsam, so effective as an ornament to the dinner table; Chinese pinks and English poppies, unsurpassed for brilliant tints; the modest mignonette, which can be sown at any season, and if planted week after week will insure a succession of the fragrant flower-stems; and phlox, and old stand-by in the gardens of our grandmothers hard to beat for showiness

Pansles and verbenas are not so hardy as the fore-

soing and are more difficult of culture, requiring better soil and more frequent watering, but will amply repay the care, if successful. The stock family is the lead for prettiness and general adaptability to the ordinary flower garden. The number and variety of creeping vines is legion, the wisteria, perhaps, being at the head for the beauty of its blooms, but hard pressed by many others in the general estimation. The well-known morning-glory never gets out of fashion and will cover a given amount of trellis work in almost as short a time as any other. There are several varieties of Southern gourds, however, that out of favor, their fragrance and beauty being always welcomed. Climbing roses are numerous, though they require years of care and culture to attain perfection. No complete list of these cheap, brillians and hardy plants could, of course, be given in the

space available here.
HAVING MORE MONEY THAN PATIENCE. There are few New-Yorkers, however, who have patience to cultivate all their flowers from the seed up. They prefer to rely upon the florist for a supply of full grown plants, generally furnished in full bloom. Many florists will set out the entire garden with such plants and contract to replace them with others as fast as the blossoms fade, so that the garden may present a mass of color all season, without trouble, but of course at some expense. The flowers which one may have in the way during the hot weather of one may have in the way during the hot weather of a New-York summer, embrace almost the whole list of sub-tropleal plants and will reddly absorb the outlay of thousands of dollars. About this time of the year, moreover, is the time to buy the plants for such setting out and almost at any hour of the day and in any street of the town the flower-peddler may and in any street of the town the flower-peddler may be heard, bellowing the prices of his dainty wares, till covery tiny bud thellis and shrinks at the hoarse dissonance, "like an ogre hawking little children."